Per. I will beleeve you by the syllables of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Cals my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortallity, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene god-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise thou art my childe.
Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have beene by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, give me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heaven blesse my gyrle.
But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare?

Per. Most heavenly musicke,
It nips me unto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leave him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my just beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and doe upon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden Priests are met together, before all the people reveale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and give them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou livest in woe: doo't, and happy by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee; *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir

Per.